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159 the *nanggaru*; some went into the *nanggaru*, and others went on and
787 into the *kanala*. All the men with the young initiates called out, when
796 they paused now and then on their way to the *kanala* and *nanggaru*;
881 and they all made a big noise while standing there.

"Then the men danced around the *kanala* and *nanggaru*, but did not go into them. They danced the 'Lightning whipping (that is, striking) the tree', which we call the *djamala*; but it is also called by the sacred terms *djeimbalma*, *gurungandungandu*, *w'raidji'kaijunduna*, *kokarara*, and *kanggarara*, which mean the flash of lightning striking and splitting the tree. While we danced, the *dua* men swung the bull-roarers, which we call *maralpan(dji)*, *pundjarlari* and *kindji:lari*, while its human hair string attachment (the tail of the Snake) is *jurawa*, *mikara*, *libana* or *djuruwalimbana*. The bullroarer is like the Snake [749] himself calling, for when you swing it, twirling it from the stick to which the cord is attached, you send lightning all over the place.

"Then we called and sang the sacred names of the *kanala*: ● [539] *'kanala ; kanala'indja ; ju:tubilmani ; kanu:lanawalkwalkgwina; Kanala'buldjalwondinja ; kanala'djeijil'malindjei ; kanala'madpaindi:nja; kanala'buramanbir'* (e.g. see Chapter VII, Song 3).

"We turned to the *nanggaru*, the Snake's hole, to the place where Djuwalji was standing (at *e*), which was the mark made by the Snake when it came out of the *nanggaru*. And we called and sang the sacred names of the *nanggaru*: *'nanggaru ; wuninbilibaija ; wa:ngnanggu ; baiala; djalpunbu; wandi:ku; buldjalwondi; winibini:nbailji ; buldjalwondinja*—the nest in which the Snake lies.'

"We turned to the two *jelmalandji*, the Snake towering over the place where the initiates had been lying, and the "cabbage" palm at *g*. And we called and sang their sacred names:

" *'kanggara ; dju:randju:ran'kanggara ; gumanangaleija'angaleija* [539] *; gumanangali:tjbili:tjbi ; gumana'wu:rulndja'wu:rulndja ; ru:kari ; windigwi:agwi:a'windigwi:agwi:a ; djalparu'ru:karwa ; bu:ra:rwa ; wuraldja ; gumalanga'ngeidjangeidja ; gumanang'ngali'djili:djji ; windigwi:agwi:a'djanggara.'* (This last word is chanted when the Kunapipi headman beats his sticks as the *jelmalandji* are pushed over.) And we pushed down the *jelmalandji*, so that the *watamunu*, [616] the emu-feathered tops, fell off. The main *jelmalandji* (*h*) was for the *dua* linguistic groups of Marakulu and Ri:radjingu; while the other (*g*) was for the Murungun, Djapu and Djarwak, *dua* groups.

"As the bullroarer was swung, its string broke, and the loose piece of wood flew over and hit a *durilji* gum tree: the impact was so powerful that the tree split, and pieces fell to each side. Then we walked over to pick up the bullroarer, and as I bent down I awoke."

[828] Gumuk said that anger was the cause of this dream: he had cooked some rice for his supper, leaving it on the fire. When he came back for it, it was gone; someone had stolen it. He was "a bit sorry for himself, because he had been cooking just for nothing". He went to

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Chapter Five

THE DJANGGAWUL SONG CYCLE

PART ONE

In which the Djanggawul cross the sea from Bralgu Island, and eventually reach the Arnhem Land mainland for the first time.

539
533

Song 1

ALTHOUGH I leave Bralgu, I am close to it. I, Djanggawul, am paddling . . .
Paddling with all the paddles, with their flattened taperin ends.
Close I am coming, with Bildjiwuraroiju,
Coming along from Bralgu. We splash the water as we paddle, paddling wearily,
With Miralaidj, undulating our buttocks as we paddle.
We paddle along through the roaring tide, paddle a long way.
I am paddling along fast, through the rough sea . . .
Beside me is foam from our paddling, and large waves follow us.
With Bralbral, we move our wrists as we paddle, making noise as we go through the sea . . .
We, Djanggawul, are paddling along, lifting our paddles, slowly going along . . .
All the way we have paddled. I rest my paddles now, as we glide.
On the sea's surface the light from the Morning Star shines as we move,
Shining on the calmness of the sea.
Looking back I see its shine, an arc of light from the Morning Star. The shine falls on our paddles, lighting our way.
We look back to the Morning Star and see its shine, looking back as we paddle.

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 Star moving along, shining! We saw its disc quite close,
539 Skimming the sea's surface, and mounting again above Bralgu.
533 Close to us it rises above the expanse of sea; we look back, seeing its shine.
Morning Star, sent by the dancing Spirit People, those people of the rain, calling out as they dance there with outstretched arms.
They send it for us, that we may travel along its shining path from Bralgu.
Close, its 'feathered ball' appears above Dangdangmil Close is the Morning Star, on the end of its string and pole!
Close is the Morning Star, stretching from its pole, extending out from its string . . .
Shining from Bralgu, as we paddle through the sea.
Bubbles rise to the sea's surface; our canoe is carried on the crest of waves. Ah, *waridj* Bralbral!
Sound made by our splashing paddles, and the sea's roar as we rise to the crest of a wave!
We make our paddles sound, with the noise of the sea, sound that is heard far away at Bralgu.
We, the Djanggawul, make sound with our paddling, make spray as we paddle fast . . .
The salty smell! The roaring sea, and its foam! Its wide expanse behind us!
We paddle, with Bildjiwuraroiju, following the waves along,
Pushing our way through the waves that block us
Sound from our sacred *ngainmara* mat! Noise as the waters surge around it!
Sound, as the sacred poles are moved about with the rolling of the canoe!

Song 2

We Djanggawul saw the Morning Star shining . . . ,
Saw its shine on the green-backed turtle, lighting up its throat . . . !
Paddling, we saw that turtle: saw its eyes open, its flippers outstretched as it floated.
Sea water lapped at its shell, spreading across its back.
Making a sound as it rose above the surface; see the dilly bag at its back!
It swam through the sea, with shell like a rock, hiding the bag under its flipper.
'I have another basket' (the turtle says). 'It is the cuttle fish.'

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Song 3

Paddling we hear a sound;
A fish jumped to the water's surface;
A catfish! a sawfish! For us that fish jumps!
A flying fish, making a noise as it jumps, splashing the water . . .
A sawfish beside us; for it hears the sound of our canoe, the canoe of the Djanggawul.
Fish jumping! Sawfish, splashing the water with its nose!

Song 4

I, Djanggawul, am leaving Bralgu, paddling away from there, paddling fast.
The sweep of the paddle of Miralaidj, out in the deep sea, far from the mainland!
Paddling fast as we smell the Baijini from far away.
Sound within the water, as we pull on our paddles! Bildjiwuraroiju paddling . . .
Coming close to the mainland, splashing as we skim through the open sea . . .
See the shine of the Morning Star, as we look back, shining from Bralgu.
Sound of our narrow paddle . . . paddling along.
Spray falls across the canoe, coming strongly in from the heavy sea.
Close up! Paddling against the strong high tide; waves spread out as we go, waves from our paddling:
Waves that roar as they spread—coming from us, from our canoe.
Spraying like rain, churning to foam. The smell of the sea!
We paddle fast through the sea, for we hear the distant sound of the Baijini,
Sound and sea smell from them, from far away, spreading across the sea's expanse . . .
Carefully we must go, for the sea is rough, Miralaidj. Let us rest on our paddles, Bralbral. (They are speaking to one another.)
Sound of the sea from the Djanggawul's paddling!

Song 5

What is that we hear? A sea goose skims the water's surface.
It is for us, *waridj*! (They say as they paddle.) It comes from Buragumi, from the mainland.

The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 As we paddle, what blocks our way? Flocks of sea geese alight on the water before them,
533 Hearing Bralbral and the Djanggawul talking. Flocks of birds alight on the water.
Flocks of birds, like hordes of people, people whom we shall put on the mainland.
Paddling we see them skimming the sea's surface, in the glistening rays of the Morning Star:
Resting on the sea's surface, from their home at Port Bradshaw.
See them as we move our arms in paddling, paddling slowly.
Grey crested birds . . . emerging from the mouth of the *ngainmara* mat!
They see the Djanggawul, paddling along . . . beautiful birds!
As Bildjiwuraroiju, Miralaidj and Bralbral paddle.
We see the shine of the Morning Star, as we look back,
See the shine that radiates from its disc; we turn as we paddle . . .
It shines on the ebbing tide, shine reaching out from Bralgu.
As we paddle we see the shine moving . . .
As we paddle through the glistening water, it follows us . . .
Going through the great wide sea . . . through the path of light . . .
Morning Star suspended on end of string, from a sapling pole,
Its 'feathered ball' close to us: now skimming the sea's surface, now rising once more. Shining on us!

Song 6

What is that which blocks us? The whale!
As we paddle, we see its gaping mouth. What is that?
Spray and sea splash as it moves.
We paddle gently, for we see the open mouth of the whale.
What is this swimming? Our *ngainmara* mat, swimming under the water!
Water swirling! We hear the noise of the water, and of its spray.
We saw it out at sea, a long way from Bralgu—spray from the swimming whale.
Water rises and swirls, with noise caused by the whale: spray and foam from the whale . . .
As we paddle, we see it swimming. Bralbral calls to the Djanggawul,
It is our mat, our basket! Let us take some. The others we leave in the sea!
Waves rise from the large *ngainmara* mats that they leave behind, swirling waters spraying from them!

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Water comes in from them, coming to us: foaming, spraying and roaring, out on the sea! 539 533

Song 7

Splashing, a fish swishes its tail as it rises, close to the whale's 'whiskers'.
A splashing catfish, turning over on to its belly . . .
From Bralgu, from the mouth of the whale . . .
It splashes, its spike protrudes as it swims before the gaping mouth of the whale,
Splashing and chasing it. 'I (says the whale) am splashing. I chase this fish, under the water.'
Touching the fish with its 'whiskers'. The catfish splashes . . .
Splashes before the open mouth of the whale,
Spraying, dragging its spike through the sea . . .
And the noise of the sea, being churned up . . . !
Waves rising and splashing, caused by fish . . .
Noise of the water and foam from that fish . . .
Waves spreading out, spraying and splashing, caused by the fish . . .

Song 8

What is that? A sea egg!
We must paddle with care, with the spade paddle, dragging it through the sea as we rest.
Oh *waridj* Bralbrall Oh *waridj* Miralaidj! It is a stranger to us, from Bralgu.
Sea eggs forming in lines, with their spiny 'hands',
Drift with the waves in the calm sea, spread with the moving waves,
Drift on the surface, glistening in the shine of the Star.
The continuous lap of the sea, and its waves! Lines of sea eggs spreading across the sea!
Strangers! At the fringe of the shine of the Star from Bralgu, they spread out in the rising waves . . . The sound of the sea . . . !
Paddling, the Djanggawul see these eggs, as they move their shoulders . . .
Their heads are grey. They have paddled far, and the salt water has whitened their hair.
They are tired from paddling.
They pause as they see the eggs . . .

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539 Drifting in the calm sea, their lines spreading, their short 'hands' moving:
533 Sea eggs we see as we paddle. Gently we drag our paddles along, as we rest them.
We paddle through the shine from the Morning Star, from Bralgu, slowly along as we see these eggs.

Song 9

What is that, *waridj* Miralaidj? Drag our paddles carefully.
See them, as the Djanggawul paddle fast.
They see them emerging from the water, coming up from Bralgu . . .
A green turtle we see in the water, making a sound . . . ,
See it through the shine of the Morning Star, shining on its throat as it swims . . .
See it moving its shoulders; see its shell . . .
We see it rise to the water's surface, its flippers 'paddling'.
Carefully we are moving our shoulders, as we are paddling. Let us rest, *waridj* Bralbral.
They see its shell shining as slowly it rose, catching the rays from the Star . . .
Floating on the crest of a wave, and making a noise, .
Close to them as they paddle . . .
The Djanggawul move their buttocks, paddling fast. Noise from their paddle movements!

Song 10

What is that blocking us, *waridj* Bralbral? Carefully we must paddle.
Resting on paddles, dragging them, we see that stranger from Bralgu,
Stranger drift-wood, revealed in the shine of the Star . . . ,
Carefully moving our arms, we see it drifting by . . .
Making sounds as it drifts, splashing and making waves,
This stranger from Bralgu: drift-wood, drifting and splashing . . .
Pushed by the waves, and making a noise, drifting, and sending out foam . . .
Spray from the seal Spray from away at Bralgu . . .
Foam all over the sea, stretching out from Port Bradshaw . . .
'I leave the foam on my body,' says the drift-wood. Foam stretching from Walbinboi Island!

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

We see it close as we paddle. Drag our paddles, *waridj* Bralbral, *waridj* Djanggawul.
Foam and spray spread all over the sea, stretching out from Port Bradshaw . . .
See our heads! Grey from paddling, from salt and foam!
The Djanggawul are tired . . . See Bildjiwuraroiju paddling carefully, Bralbral undulating his buttocks.
It (the wood) is a stranger from Bralgu, from the source of the Star's shine.

Song 11

What is that crying? Carefull We must rest from paddling, *waridj* Bralbral.
We hear a sound. What is that now? A plover, *waridj*, hovering above the drifting timber.
It has seen our canoe, and circles about it.
It cries as it circles about the drift-wood, goes soaring cloudwards,
Cries as it swoops about the drift-wood. *Waridj*, it circles round and round our canoe.
Paddle carefully, Djanggawul, rest on our oars.
Its screeching cry sounds over the waters from Bralgu, mingling with the roar of the sea, spreading across it.
Sound as it skims the sea's surface, sound from its splashing; and foam!
The birds and clouds leave that cry for us, *waridj* Bralbral. It is a message for us . . .
Its cry echoes back from the clouds, as it circles around and cries through its beak:
Screeching that comes through its beak, up from its throat, reaching up to the sky.
Its eye is keen; it sees our canoe, and all within it, and sees the drifting wood.
Up and down goes its cry. The bird flies with hanging claws. Its eyes are closed, but the eye of its anus is open.
See, a message for us, *waridj* Bralbrall
The noise of its cry, as it circles! Foam covers the sea! It cries as it circles, away out from Port Bradshaw.

Song 12

We paddle fast, *waridj*, moving our arms. Bralbral, we paddle fast.
We have come far from the island of Bralgu. What is that shining, *waridj* Miralaidj?

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 The Morning Star shines on us, as we paddle along. See the Star shining!
533 Lift up the paddle carefully, *waridj*! Bralbral paddles, moving his buttocks.
Now we are paddling fast, moving our shoulders, lifting the narrow paddle:
Swaying our hips as we paddle. We have left Bralgu behind us, *waridj* Djanggawul.
We follow that Baijini sound, smelling the mainland, and paddling fast.
We must rest on the paddles, *waridj*. Going along, we hear the sound of the Baijini talking.
We paddle in on the morning tide, in through the breakers . . .
Our water is rushing onwards; from somewhere it must be ebbing.
Sound of the surf: waves from our paddling: splashing—foam from the surf!
Waves arise from our paddling, *waridj* Bralbral . . .
We are paddling fast along, sweeping our paddles . . .
Tired from paddling, with head grey from the foam . . . Oh Bildjiwuraroiju!
We are paddling fast, we are close to land, to Port Bradshaw.

Song 13

What is that, *waridj* Bralbral? Carefully drag the paddle, resting it on the canoe.
What is that, moving there? Those, *waridj*, are sponges, spreading their formless 'arms'.
We see them as we rest on our paddles, scratching ourselves from the sponges . . .
The Djanggawul are tired. This is a sponge, *waridj*! We saw the formless 'arms' moving along . . .
Paddling along, we see the ebbing tide. We saw the sponges, and heard the roar of the sea.
I am tired, like these drifting sponges, *waridj*; so let us rest our paddles . . .
We paddle fast when we hear the sound of the Baijini: the smell of the sea!

Song 14

We are paddling fast, *waridj* Djanggawul, moving our arms fast as we paddle.
We lift up our paddles, swishing quickly along . . .
A black porpoise follows our paddling and splashing.

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Carefully, *waridj* Bralbral, rest your paddle, dragging along. Water swirls from our paddling,
Spray follows behind us. We smell the Baijini, hear the sound that they make.
We paddle fast as we hear the Baijini; and the smell of the sea, from their fires.
Carefully, *waridj* Miralaidj, we move our arms, paddling quickly, swaying our hips,
Lifting the narrow paddle. We are reaching Port Bradshaw.
Soon we shall leave behind us the noise from our swishing paddles.
Spray and surf on the rolling tide, white foaming breakers, all from our paddling, *waridj* Bralbral, *waridj* Djanggawul.
We paddle in through the big waves, through the roar of the surf caused by our paddling.
We rest on our oars. Foam from our swishing paddles stains and patterns our bodies from Bralgu, far out at sea.

Song 15

What is that, *waridj* Bralbral? Carefully rest your paddles. What is blocking us?
A huge black sawfish, seen in the shine of the Morning Star,
Sawfish with gaping jaw and barbs, seen through the shine of the Star.
What is that, *waridj*? Two sawfish swimming, long black sawfish.
Carefully we go, letting our paddles drag through the water.
The Djanggawul, tired from travelling, see them through the shine of the Star.
We paddle quickly, and see the sawfish rise, with a loud noise as they turn in the water.
Loud noise from that, *waridj*! And water comes up. The jaw of the fish pushes the waves along, and makes spray.
Where is this spray coming from, *waridj*? We are paddling fast, swishing along through the water.
We move our arms carefully, *waridj* Bralbral, swaying our buttocks, making a noise as we paddle fast . . .
So we may reach Port Bradshaw . . .
Paddling quickly, we move our arms; and our heads are grey . . .

Song 16

What is that drifting along by us, *waridj*? Carefully we rest our paddles, dragging them through the sea.

The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 Bralbral, it is a small sawfish, seen in the shine of the Morning Star . . .
533 Carefully we are paddling, swaying our buttocks. Djanggawul, this is a fish blocking us . . .
Paddling we see its back, and its saw, and the ripples it makes on the water. Paddling we see the sawfish.
Carefully we must go, *waridj* Bralbral, swaying our buttocks gently.
What is blocking us now? Its tail blocks us, 'paddling' and lashing the water.
We hear the roar of the sea from Bralgu across to the mainland.
We paddle, hearing the sawfish splashing and churning the water, fighting smaller fish.
We are smelling the sea and paddling fast. We saw the tide flow in, and the waves breaking.
We paddle, hearing the noise of the fish, and the waves breaking.

Song 17

Carefully rest the paddle, *waridj* Bralbral. What is this blocking us, Oh *waridj* Djanggawul?
A young porpoise, a stranger from Bralgu, we see through the shine.
Porpoise born in fresh water. It splashes, turns on its side, hitting the sea with its tail: veins in its tail . . .
Carefully we drag our paddles through the sea, splashing towards Port Bradshaw, smelling the sea . . .
Its jaw protrudes from the sea: young porpoises come swimming behind the canoe . . .
Coming from the fresh water, *waridj*, from Bralgu, from the land of the Spirits.
They made a crying sound, through the fat of their heads, spouting up sprays of water . . .
Swimming from Bralgu as they hear the paddling, the moving of shoulders.
Carefully we must paddle, *waridj* Djanggawul, lifting the narrow paddle, and moving fast . . .
Moving our buttocks, swaying our hips as we paddle. We saw the porpoises, heard the noise of their spraying,
Sound of the water, with foam from the splashing of young porpoises,
Chasing fish, which circle around, swimming under the water.
We see them as we paddle, through the shine of the Morning Star . . .

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Song 18

What is that blocking us, *waridj* Djanggawul? Carefully rest our paddles, *waridj* Bralbral.
It is a bird, that cries as it swoops along, circling about our canoe, *waridj* Miralaidj.
It stretches its neck as it cries, gliding with outstretched wings, *waridj*, giving us strength for paddling.
Our seagull dives to the water, sending out spray with its beak as it skims the surface . . .
That bird, *waridj*, goes flying up and down, shaking itself dry:
Carefully we paddle, dragging the paddles along, as we hear that bird.
The female gull, with its beak, cries out as it sees the dark rain clouds rising.
The seagull cries out at the time of the wet season: it thinks of nesting.
Gliding along, it thinks of its home at Bremer Island.
Diving it skims the water, sending out spray. Its eyes can see in the night. It shakes itself dry.
We paddle fast as we smell the sea, smell where the Baijini are.
The seagull splashes the water, making a noise, giving us power to go quickly.
We move our wrists fast, swaying our hips as we paddle.
We are moving fast, *waridj*: hear the swish of our paddles.
Our heads are grey from the foam . . . we are tired from paddling.

Song 19

What is blocking us? Carefully drag our paddles, *waridj* Bralbral (says Djanggawul).
An immense sawfish! Carefully rest our paddles Djanggawul. It is a large sawfish.
What shall we do? We shall continue to paddle.
See its saws and its gaping mouth! *waridj*, are those its teeth?
Leave it swimming behind, for it whips up the sea with its jaws . . .
Carefully, *waridj*, let us paddle quickly and go. We saw it through the shine of the Morning Star.
Carefully swaying our buttocks, we leave it behind, lying under the surface . . .
There, near Port Bradshaw, it swirls the water, making a hollow noise:
We paddle fast as we smell the sea . . . Bones of that fish, large verterbrae like an expanse of sea.
Waridj, we move our hips as we travel fast, leaving it lying there,

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 Where it lives in the rough sea, for it is ferocious: it carries a 'poison bag'. The sawfish clan is always wanting to fight,
533 Always looking for trouble, always ferocious. It swims along with its bag of poison, that enters the teeth of its saw . . .
'I (says the fish) make the sea rough from my anger. No canoe may come hear me, or near my saws. I make the sea rough, I have poison!'
Let us paddle fast, *waridj*, it may attack us. Go fast, *waridj* Bralbral . . .
Shoulders moving, we plunge down our paddles. We, *waridj* Djanggawul, drag on our paddles and rest them.
Hear the sound of the incoming tide, *waridj*, let us go fast!
The high tide is flowing and roaring, ebbing from somewhere:
We see that fish in the shine of the Morning Star . . .
We plunge down our paddles, paddling fast, moving our buttocks, *waridj* Djanggawul. Smell the sea and hear the Baijini sound . . . !

Song 20

What is that, *waridj*? Carefully sway our buttocks, Bralbral, with dragging paddle.
This is sea-weed floating, a mass of sea-weed floating . . .
Waridj, it is a stranger from Bralgu, this floating weed, with fragments dislodging and drifting away.
It drifts into rows spreading out with the waves. Blown by the wind, it drifts backwards and forwards—spreading across the water.
Roar of the sea as it carries the weed on the incoming tide, and the spray of the surf!
We saw it through the shine of the Morning Star, there on our way to Port Bradshaw from Bralgu.
Let us go fast, *waridj* Djanggawul. Moving our arms quickly and swaying our buttocks, we lift up the paddles.
Far we have paddled. Is that spray, rising before us?
Is that the sea smell we follow? Is that the Baijini sound we hear?
Let us paddle fast, *waridj*, quickly, moving our buttocks, as the waves rush in, the high tide breaks on the beach . . .
Carefully, *waridj*. Djanggawul, moving his buttocks, lifts up his narrow paddle.

Song 21

What do we see, *waridj*, as we look back?
Paddling, we see the shine of the Morning Star.
Yes, *waridj* Bralbral, paddling we see it close to us. The Morning Star sends out its rays as it rises near us:

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

It skims the water, shining across the sea, the Bralgu Star, its rays shining near us.
It skims the sea, from Bralgu, shining upon us, on the end of its string, attached to a young sapling.
Another Star, *waridj*, a feathered ball held by the Spirits . . . Close is the Morning Star . . .
It shines near, as we turn to see it. Oh, Morning Star, Oh pole and strings . . .
The Star and its rays rise gradually for us, *waridj* Miralaidj; we rest our paddles, dragging them through the sea.
See the shine from the disc of the Star, close to us, *waridj*.
The Bralgu Spirits are dancing, sending the Star . . .
Rain people, the stamping sound of their dancing . . . ! Dust rises, *waridj*, from under their dancing feet . . . !
There from the fresh water place, from the Spirit country.
The shine falls on us, from Bralgu, covering us with its shine . . . Close, it shines across to the mainland, to Port Bradshaw.
The morning Star shines, bringing the dawn . . . putting an end to the night . . .
Close to us, ending the darkness, bringing the dawn . . .
It pierces the darkness, that Star, sent by the Spirits. The sound of their dancing!
The morning Star shines from Bralgu, shines like the *mawwulan* pole . . .
It rises from the sandhills at Bralgu, where the Spirits dance, *waridj*, for us.
We move fast with the narrow paddle; we hasten, moving our wrists, as the tide roars in.
For the daylight is on us, the dawn, before the cry of the morning pigeon. The Star still shines for us, *waridj* Djanggawul.
Our hips and buttocks are swaying. Let us go carefully, because of the water,
It is rising for us, and roaring, with foam and spray of the surf.
We push the water along with our canoe, our paddles swishing.
Waves come up, with the rising tide. Spray comes from our swishing paddles. From us the tide is flowing.
Is that the mainland we are approaching from Bralgu?
Is that the mainland, Port Bradshaw, we are approaching . . . ?
The smell of the sea! *Waridj*, we paddle fast, quickly moving our wrists.
We lift up the narrow paddles—*waridj* Bralbral, our paddles . . .
We lift up the big paddles, moving fast, swishing the paddles . . .
Our paddles! We drag them along, the flat and the narrow paddles . . .

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Song 22

539 What is that, *waridj*, in front of us? We rest, dragging our paddles.
533 There ahead of us, *waridj* Bralbral.
That is the morning pigeon. Darkness goes, with its cry!
We saw darkness only towards the west . . .
Bird that 'twists' its tongue as its whistles! Daylight comes with its cry.
We saw the calmness of dawn (no sound but the pigeon's cry).
It ruffles itself, *waridj*, crying, and shaking its feathers. Its cry goes out to its nestlings.
The small clear cry of that pigeon and of its nestlings . . .
Talking fast from their nest . . . The pigeon flies down from the smooth inside of the nest. Their cries reach us, 'twisting' their tongues . . .
We saw the Morning Star ending the darkness. Then, the cry of the pigeon! Cries like the speech of different linguistic groups, like the Madarlpa dialect!
The bird talks fast, a sound like the Dalwongu dialect . . .
If flew across from its nest in the 'arm-band' bushes . . .
It teaches that cry to its young: the nestlings ruffle themselves.
Teaching that cry! It calls from the limbs near its nest. They are 'twisting' their tongues . . .
We saw it, flying down, as the darkness was clearing, 'twisting' its tongue and whistling.

Song 23

We paddle fast, moving our buttocks, *waridj*. We lift up the narrow paddle . . .
We paddle fast, with the narrow paddle . . . We speed along, *waridj* Djanggawul . . .
Wei! What is that, *waridj*? We rest our paddles, Bralbral, and drag them.
That, *waridj*, is the long drawn cry of the black bird.
Crying out, for it saw the darkness clearing . . .
What is that? The sound of the black bird, long drawn as the darkness clears.
It saw the coming dawn, and the calmness.
What is that, *waridj*? A black bird crying, at dawn, and the cry of the nestlings!
Crying with mouths agape, as they hear the roar of the waves, and smell the sea,
As they hear the noise of the water, the foam and the spray.

7: Berndt E-5 (1946-1950) 1952
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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

'I (says the bird) heard the noise of the water rising, the incoming tide . . .
I draw out my sound, it reaches out to Port Bradshaw . . .
A long cry, moving my head, as I see the water rising, and see the spray . . .
Nesting among the limbs of the "coffee" tree, of the *djuda rangga* . . .'
It grasps the tree with its claws, crying from that sacred tree,
Sending out its cry, as the big waves rise and spray.
The sea roars as the bird cries, and the sound reaches up to the clouds,
A long-drawn sound entering the banking clouds, the cloud-flecked sky.
A long cry, as it saw the tide roaring in, with its spray
'I saw the spray. I cry out as the waves come splashing together.
I saw the water, and saw them paddling fast. The smell of the sea!
I saw the tide coming up. The Baijini sound, the smell of the sea!
I saw the water, roaring, as the waves came in at Port Bradshaw, coming from Bralgu.'
Foam coming up, and spreading. The bird cried as it looked at the water.
The crest of the surf shines in the light of the Morning Star. The sea roars, and the waves are splashing together.
The bird saw the darkness clearing, uttering its long cry as the dawn came,
The cry in the stillness, as the darkness cleared (with the light) from Bralgu!

Song 24

What is that, *waridj* Bralbral? We rest our paddles at the cry, and drag them along.
We look round to see the cry. It comes from Bralgu. It's close to us!
It is coming up, moving along. The sun, with its *manwulan rangga* emblem!
As it rises, its rays warm the Djanggawul's backs. It comes rising, close to them.
The sun, with rays emerging before its disc! Close, it shines on the water, warming our backs, *waridj* Djanggawul.
Close it is rising, from the sand, from the sea into the sky.
Hot sun, burning our backs, its rays leading back to Bralgu!
Rising sun, reflected in the sea! Sun for us, with its heat!
Rays of the sun emerging, *waridj*, leaving its home beneath the water!
Sun coming up close, with spreading rays!

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

539 For us, *waridj*, it leaves its home under the sea.
533 Its rays touch us like hands; their reflections shine in the water.
We go fast. Paddling along we see the rays touching us, so that the sweat comes out.
The sun comes up for us, leaving its home; the glare is hurting our eyes.
It comes closer, rising above the sea, burning our backs.
The smell of the sea! It leaves its home in the water, and warms us . . .
We paddle fast, to Port Bradshaw, to the Place of the Sun, to where the Baijini are.
Reflections shine in the sea. The rays warm us, on our way to Port Bradshaw.
We lift up our paddles, *waridj*, we go fast but carefully, moving our arms and our buttocks.
The sun reaches us, with its rays. Its red glow, *waridj*, for us, from the sacred parakeet feathers!
We rest our paddles. It is for us! We paddle fast, *waridj*, and carefully.
Our buttocks are moving. It is for us, *waridj* Djanggawul! We paddle fast!
Our hips sway as we paddle along, lifting the paddles,
On our way to the Place of the Sun, at Port Bradshaw.
The sun's rays touch us, warming our backs . . .
Rays like the parakeet-feathered string of our *rangga*! Feathered string like our child! Red glow of the sun.
Rays warming our backs, like feathered string! Like feathered *rangga*!
That sun rises above us, burning our backs, going to the Place of the Sun.
It burns our backs, and it shines on the water at Lilildjang.
Its warm rays touch us, stretching to Arnhem Bay . . .
It leaves its home in the water, and rises, burning.
Warm rays touching our backs, touching our *rangga*! Shining, and making the mainland clear to see!
For us it shines on the sacred sandhills at Port Bradshaw . . .
Stretching out its rays, warming our backs, illuminating the water-holes at Arnhem Bay . . .
That sun, sending out its rays to Elcho Island,
Burning our backs, from the red ochre there . . . at Elcho Island . . .
That sun sends out its rays to shine on the sea, *waridj*, on the mainland near Milingimbi . . . ,
Warming our backs, as it reaches west to the wide Barara country.

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Song 25

We go fast, moving our wrists, and lifting our paddles.
We paddle along, *waridj* Bralbral, as the sun's rays touch us, and touch our paddles.
Our buttocks and hips sway, as we paddle along:
What is that? What is that cry?
Flying foxes, suspended there in the tree, *waridj* Djanggawul, crying out from the tree.
We saw the sacred tree, the sacred *rangga*. Flying foxes, in the sacred tree!
Little flying foxes crying, as they hold that sacred tree . . . !
They cry from their home, where they hang among the branches of the sacred tree,
Cry from the topmost branches, from all the branches of the tree . . .
They cry from their home: crying, *waridj*, from the sacred Leichhardt fig tree.

Song 26

We go fast, lifting our paddles, moving our wrists . . . we are close to our country.
We go fast, moving our buttocks; for we hear the roar of the sea, the spray of the surf,
Coming up from our paddling! Foam from our paddling!
Wail *waridj* Bralbral, carefully drag the paddles, for they are splashing up foam.
What has happened? Sea smell, and splashing!
What, *waridj*, is that? Wail Our feathered arm-bands!
What has happened? They are wet from that foam.
We are all getting wet! What shall we do? Throw away the wet *rangga*?
They are wet from that foam, our *rangga*, *waridj* Bralbral: wet from lying in water! We are nearing Port Bradshaw.
Shall we, *waridj*, undo it, then throw it away? No, let the sacred mat with the *rangga* sink down, near the Place of the Sun.
We shall not untie its 'mouth' . . . Let it sink down into the sea, outside Port Bradshaw . . .
Sacred invocations to the *rangga* and *ngainmara* . . . ! We invoke the *bugali* as it sinks . . . , calling the sacred names.
They sink down, making a noise as the sea covers them.

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The Djanggawul Song Cycle

Song 27

539 Let us rest on our paddles, *waridj*, for I (Bralbral) am tired.
633 Stop paddling, *waridj*.
What is happening there, *waridj*? (Bralbral says) My body aches with tiredness.
Tired, because you are worrying (about the mat containing the *ranggu*).
I am worrying (says the Djanggawul Brother) about the *ranggu*. (Why didn't we open the mat?)
I am just tired! That was why, *waridj*, we threw away the sacred *ranggu* and mat.
We are coming close to the mainland: our journey, our paddling, is done.
We land on the beach at Port Bradshaw.
That is our country! We plant our *wanwulun* here.
We have arrived, oh *waridj*!

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Chapter Six

COMMENTS ON PART ONE OF THE SONGS

This first section of the saga introduces us to the Djanggawul and their companion Bralbral, and sets the stage for succeeding parts. It purports to show their immediate origin, and tells how the sacred *rangga* emblems and the mat were brought to the Arnhem Land coast.

The Djanggawul leave the Spirit Land of Bralgu, and paddle across to Port Bradshaw in their bark canoe. They are guided by the rays of the Morning Star, and in the light from this they see various creatures; it is only in the final songs (21–4) that the Star light gives place to that of the sun. In these colourful songs, the north-eastern Arnhem Landers suggest that the Djanggawul have travelled all the way from Bralgu in a kind of twilight, but as they reach the mainland the sun arises, warming them and illuminating various sacred sites (Song 24). This implies, subtly, their association with the sun.

Song 24 treats the sun as a separate identity, although we have seen (in Chapters 2 and 3) that there is, in fact, a close association, if not complete identification. Line 20, Song 24 speaks of 'Its red glow . . . from the sacred parakeet feathers . . .' This refers to the red glow below the sun, seen as it rises. It is said that the sun is a *dua* moiety woman, and this glow is from her waist-band of human hair string (*ngadiba*) into which are woven red breast feathers from the *lindaridj* parakeet. They were given her by the Djanggawul Brother himself, and when in the sky she always wears this belt. The Djanggawul Brother calls her *gadu* (that is, daughter, man speaking), although in other versions the Brother may call her *ngandi* 'mother', for the Sun Woman's two daughters may be

Comments on Part One of the Songs

539 776 identified with the Djanggawul Sisters (*vide* Chapters 2 and 3). The red parakeet feathered string is a material representation of the sun's rays, which it symbolizes when attached as a pendant to a *rangga*, and spread out like the rays; the red feathers are said to represent the heat of the sun. The Sun Woman not only wears [821] the feathered waist-band; she also travels across the sky with the aid of the *manwulun rangga* (see Song 24, line 3), which she uses as walking sticks, and to which are attached feathered pendants. Identification of these red parakeet feathers with the sun's rays extends throughout the cycle. It symbolizes the concept of fertility, for the small red breast feathers are said to be like children, each individual feather being a 'child'; and they represent the warmth necessary for natural increase to take place.

539 Lines 26 and 27 of the same song (24) express this idea—'Rays like the parakeet-feathered string of our *rangga*! Feathered string like our child! Red glow of the sun. Rays warming our backs, like feathered string! Like feathered *rangga*!' That is, the parakeet-feathered strings are attached to the *djuda rangga* pole and likened to (or identified with) the rays of the sun. The sun is said to 'carry the *djuda* (tree) *rangga* always, as if carrying a baby.' This reference expresses the underlying theme of the Djanggawul doctrine. The *rangga* object is regarded as a child, and is here called *wagu* (that is, *guliwona wagun—vide* text), which is the term used for sister's child (man speaking), or own child (woman speaking). That is to say, the Djanggawul Brother is calling the *rangga wagu*, the child of either Sister, Miralaidj or Bildjiwuraroiju; and they call the *rangga* by the same term. The *rangga* are carried in the *ngainmara* mat, symbolically the uterus of either Sister. They are the Djanggawul's children, by virtue of their presence in the wombs of the Sisters (that is, *rangga* kept in the *ngainmara*): *rangga* approximate children or people (see previous chapters). The *djuda rangga* are sacred poles, from which spring living trees: the association of the sun with these (that is, their feathered strings, likened to sun's rays) suggests how essential the sun is to the growth of trees and foliage. When the sun extends its rays to various sacred sites, lighting up the whole country of north-eastern Arnhem Land (see Song 24) it leaves its material substance at Elcho Island, crystallized in the form of red ochre (line 36). It extends as far as the western tribes on the boundary of the north-eastern-north-central Arnhem Land cultural bloc (lines 37–8), to country on the mainland behind Milingimbi, in the Barara *matu* ('Seagull' linguistic group) of the Bara *matu* ('North-west wind' clan), covering territory known as Burulmura. It reaches out, lighting up and warming all the places through which the Djanggawul are later to travel.

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Comments on Part One of the Songs

Although most of the songs are self-explanatory, they need some additional comments and, as mentioned, should ideally be read in conjunction with the interlinear translations and accompanying notes. Throughout these songs there is a delightfully smooth rhythmic sequence. In Song 1 the Morning Star rises, guiding the Djanggawul on their journey, and providing an ever-present link with Bralgu Island, the place which they have left. They see a green backed turtle (Song 2) glistening in the rays of the Star; and various fish emerge from the sea as they paddle along (Song 3). Geese settle on the surface of the sea (Song 5) and are likened to the hordes of people to which the Djanggawul Sisters will later give birth, after reaching the mainland. Then a whale appears (Song 6), symbol of both the *ngainmaru* mat and of the uterus. A catfish swims before the mouth of the whale (Song 7), and barely escapes being swallowed. Sea eggs float in great numbers on the surface (Song 8), and in Song 9 a green turtle appears to feed on them. Drift-wood (Song 10) floats by, with plovers swooping around it and sitting upon it (Song 11). The Djanggawul continue along the path of light sent by the Morning Star; and their paddling, like the movements of the various marine creatures, creates waves, spray and foam. Sponges appear floating (Song 13) and porpoises race behind the canoe (Song 14). A monstrous sawfish protrudes itself from the sea (Song 15), followed by a smaller one (Song 16), and by more porpoises (Song 17) with their young, spraying and splashing, making foam. Seagulls (Song 18) swoop to and fro, heralding their approach to the mainland, and lending impetus to their paddling. Again an immense sawfish appears (Song 19); it is viewed apprehensively by the Djanggawul, who fear that their canoe may be overturned. As they come near the mainland, they see floating masses of seaweed (Song 20). The last rays of the Morning Star continue to guide them, and now they are not far from Port Bradshaw (Song 21): its rays are driving away the darkness, bringing the day. Gradually the dawn appears, heralded by the morning pigeon (Song 22); but still there is darkness in the western sky. The cry of the pigeon is followed by the long drawn sound of a black bird (unidentified), Song 23; the Morning Star has almost set, drawn away by the Spirit people at Bralgu.

Then the red glow of the sun appears in the east (Song 24). Gradually its rays spread, and its disc rises above the horizon, casting reflections on the sea, illuminating the mainland, warming the Djanggawul and all the land. Flying foxes screech, in the sacred *djuda* trees on the mainland (Song 25). The Djanggawul discover that their *ngainmara* mat and *rangga* are sodden with sea water (Song 26); they throw some away as they enter Port Bradshaw, so

Comments on Part One of the Songs

539 that to-day a reef lies there. Finally, we are told that they are worrying about the *rangga* and mat they have thrown into the sea (Song 27); they are exhausted after their long journey. They beach their canoe, and exclaim that at last they have reached their own land.

539 In Song 1 (*et. seq.*) Bralbral[1] and the Djanggawul call each other
601 by the kinship term *waridj*; this is equivalent to *mari* or *gudara* (mother's mother, mother's mother's brother, mother's brother's son's wife, mother's mother's brother's son's daughter, wife's brother's wife, mother's mother's brother's son's son, etc.).[2] The term *waridj* is also commonly used at Yirrkalla (although not at Milingimbi) to signify a non-tabued 'mother-in-law' (mother's brother's wife), a relative who, if actually a wife's mother, would be *mugul rumarang*. Bralbral continually asks questions, intimating that he is less knowledgeable than the Djanggawul; and he has little or no handling of the *rangga*.

539 The Djanggawul and Bralbral rest on their oars when they are tired (for example Song 1, line 11), or when they fear a marine monster (Song 15, line 1) and must go carefully. As they paddle they undulate their buttocks, swaying their hips, as they stand and dip their oars from side to side.

Throughout this Part of the cycle references are made to the Morning Star, which provides a definite link with the island of Bralgu. It is said that as the Djanggawul look back, seeing the arc of light made by the Morning Star (for example Song 1, line 14), they are able to gauge the distance they have come, as well as the distance they have yet to go. The Star's disc is an 'eye' (line 16) which is said to 'swim' along through the water (line 17) and mount into the sky; it cannot rise too far, for it is held at the end of a string and must remain over Bralgu. The Morning Star is really a ball of seagull feathers attached to a long string, which in turn is tied to a paperbark sapling; there is not only one Star, but many (see latter part of Song 1). The Spirit people at Bralgu hold a ceremony each night and early morning. They dance with arms outstretched (line 19), and sing. As they pound their feet upon the ground, great clouds of dust rise upwards and bring the dusk which, as their dancing intensifies, turns to night. They then manipulate their long dancing pole (the paperbark sapling), with the long string to which feathered balls are attached (line 21). Each 'ball' represents a Morning Star, which the Bralgu Spirits send out towards a particular place on the mainland; it is one of these Morning Star 'balls' which guides the Djanggawul on their journey across the sea.

[614] [1] Bralbral's name is used to designate a clan in the Wessel Islands—the Barabara or Ba'ralba'ral; the clan is also termed the *baburu* (father's clan) of this Ancestral Being.
[2] *Vide* texts and notes in proposed *Ceremonies* monograph.

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This subject is treated in some considerable detail in the secular Bralgu Song Cycle, associated with the Morning Star ceremony (used during mortuary rituals, for Bralgu is the *dua* moiety home of the dead), when a long pole with string and feathered balls is used, and dancing imitates that of the Bralgu Spirits.

The paddling of the Djanggawul in their canoe, and the roar of the sea, are re-enacted in the *dua nara* (see Chapter 1). A spear-thrower is dragged along the ground symbolizing the paddling. The dancers cry *ei ei a:l* which is the sound of the sea, *a:l* being the dull roar as the waves break. Then they lift up their legs, representing the rising waves which carry the canoe to their crests (line 24, Song 1) and then collapse downwards.

Lines 31–2, Song 1, refer to the *ngainmara* and to the *ranggi*, which are carried in the bottom of the canoe (*vide* Song 26, in reference to their being sodden). The *ranggi* are stored within the mat (= uterus, with children within), and include the *manwulan*, the yam stick, *djuda* and *djanda* poles. As the canoe rolls, they move about in the mat and rattle (line 32).

In Song 2 (lines 5, 6 and 7) the green-backed turtle is said to possess a dilly bag: this may be seen from the mark of this bag on the turtle's under shell (its 'chest'); it holds its bag under one flipper, as a man holds his dilly bag when walking or dancing. The cuttlefish is also said to represent the bag of this turtle.

Many references are made throughout the songs, in this section of the cycle, to the Baijini folk (for example, Song 4, line 3)—that is, 'Paddling fast as we smell the Baijini from far away.' Several words used in the text are said to be directly associated with these alien people of the *jiritja* moiety: for example, *buragoimin*, 'sea smell' (line 3), which is also said to mean the smell of the smoke from the Baijini fires, at their settlement at Port Bradshaw. The Djanggawul see the smoke rising in the distance, and know that they must be drawing close to the mainland. The Two Sisters talk with their Brother. 'What do we see? What blocks (or obstructs) our passage? There are strangers in that place! They are blocking us, so we shall sing about them. But as soon as we reach Jelangbara (Port Bradshaw) we will move the Baijini: they can't stop, where we intend to have our sacred camp.' As they draw closer, they hear this word, *buragoimin*, drifting over to them, and for that reason it is included in the song.

Nevertheless, as mentioned in Chapter 3, there is a certain amount of rationalization here. The Djanggawul are frequently said to have been the first 'human' beings to land on the mainland; and yet this contradiction appears in the actual traditional texts, which infer that the *jiritja* Baijini have already settled at Port

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539 Bradshaw. This is a problem which cannot be solved, and we may only conjecture as to the true state of affairs. However, in the Song, the fires of the Baijini, their talking, and the sea smell from their fires, all incite the Djanggawul to paddle faster, in order to reach the mainland in the shortest possible time.

The reference to careful paddling (see Song 4, line 14) suggests the roughness of the sea, and the Djanggawul's anxiety lest they should inadvertently upset the canoe, and so lose the mat and sacred *rangga*. This care is particularly evident when a marine monster appears; but despite it they eventually get their *rangga* and mat wet, and decide to throw them away (Song 26).

The 'sea goose' mentioned in Song 5 is not really a goose, but merely resembles one: it has white chest feathers, the rest of its body being bluish grey tinged with red. Normally it lives among the swamps, but occasionally flies far out to sea. The introduction of such a bird into this section of the cycle suggests that the Djanggawul are nearing land. The geese come from Buragumi (line 2), a place comparatively close to Port Bradshaw, but occupied at that time by the Baijini. The word *mala* is used in reference to flocks of these birds, as they settle on the water before the paddling Djanggawul; *mala* may simply mean a 'crowd' or a 'lot', but here it refers to a 'clan', that is, a clan of geese. The word *madjara* (line 3), or *maidjarama* in Song 1, line 32, is used in reference not only to a flock or clan of geese, but also to sacred *rangga* emblems; another example of this is *jandaljandalju* (Song 5, line 3), or *jandaljandaltwa* (Song 1, line 32), a term which refers collectively to the emblems. This usage is fairly common in the songs, when 'inside' terms refer to different things and must be explained in context. On the other hand, such words with multiple meanings are used symbolically, like (for example) the word *ngainmara*, a mat, bag, uterus, or whale. The flocks of geese suggest the idea of plenty and fertility: 'They are like the many people we shall soon put on the mainland' (say the Djanggawul). *Vide* line 5, 'Flocks of birds, like hordes of people, people whom we shall put on the mainland.'

[192] The word *bongumbongun* (*bungunbungu*), Song 5, line 4, although referring to the *mala* of these sea birds, is to-day used to classify all the Aborigines from the Cape Stewart region, a little west of Milingimbi, across to Darwin: that is, people who do not belong to the north-eastern Arnhem Land cultural bloc. In line 4 (*vide* original text) the word *erelugu* (or *jerelugu*) is used, and translated as 'half the people in here', referring to the people who are to be removed from the Sisters' uteri and left at various places. The same theme is extended in line 5; this refers to a large group of people towards Arnhem Bay, and to the Gurwia *mala*, a group

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who were south-west of Yirrkalla in the bush. All, however, are symbolized in the flocks of geese seen by the Djanggawul. The symbolism is extended in line 9: 'Grey crested birds . . . emerging from the mouth of the *ngainmara* mat!' that is, like people issuing from the Sisters' uteri, the mat.

In Song 6 we are told of the whale which intercepts the paddling of the Djanggawul, and causes large waves which threaten to overturn the canoe; it is called by the term *ngainmara*, mat or uterus. Its gaping mouth, *dalwuldalwul* (also *wagulwagul*), is equivalent to *dalwuddalwu* (Song 1, line 31), the 'mouth' of the *ngainmara*, conversely vulva or vagina. The Djanggawul observe it in the sea—' '. . . Our *ngainmara* mat, swimming under the water!' (Song 6, line 5); that is, it is like the *ngainmara* they carry in the canoe. Translators comment, 'there is the whale in the sea; it is really the mat. When the Djanggawul Sisters give birth to female children (*vide* Myth, Chapter 2), these are put under the mat, or into the belly of the whale (through the *dalwuldalwul*).' In line 10 reference is made to the Djanggawul's taking some baskets (... mats), and leaving others in the sea to form whales. The Djanggawul and Bralbral are talking: 'Some baskets we can take with us,' they say, 'and some we can leave in the sea water, like the *ngainmara* whale.' That is to say, the Djanggawul leave the whale 'basket' (as the mat is called) in the sea, and take the 'ordinary' *ngainmara* with them (line 11).

In Song 7 a catfish comes to the surface and 'plays' before the gaping mouth of the whale (line 3). The fish is like a *rungga* about to be put inside the *ngainmara*, or a penis entering a vagina (gaping mouth). The 'whiskers' of the whale touch the fish (lines 1 and 6); they are like the pandanus fringe of the *ngainmara* mat (... pubic hairs of the Sisters). These whiskers are referred to by the same word as that used for the greyish feathers of the sea goose (Song 5), inferring that they also are greyish in colour.

In Song 8, the Djanggawul observe sea eggs for the first time; they are 'strangers' (line 3) from Bralgu, having drifted from there to the mainland. In line 10 (*et passim*), the Djanggawul are said to have grown grey: 'too long they sat down at Bralgu, collecting a lot of *rungga* emblems; and so they became grey.' What is suggested, however, is not so much the greyness of age, as the whiteness of the sea water and foam which has splashed up from their paddling and stained their hair. They are, moreover, stained with sea and foam markings all over their bodies, and these form patterns which will afterwards be used as clan designs.

In Song 9 a turtle emerges to the surface, for it smells the sea eggs; its shell reflects the rays of the Morning Star (line 9).

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539 In Song 10 drift-wood appears floating near the canoe. Sometimes this comprises merely odd pieces of tree limbs or trunks, but occasionally planks (from wrecks and so on) wash down to north-eastern Arnhem Land from Cape York, the Torres Straits, New Guinea and even, possibly, from the East Indies. Carved or painted planks were sometimes used as *rangga* emblems by the Arnhem Landers. The drift-wood speaks (there is a tendency to personalize, in this way, various birds, animals and objects), 'I leave the foam on my body'; (line 10) that is, foam accumulates on it, forming patterns that resemble totemic designs.

Black birds, plovers, hover around the drifting timber (Song 11); their cry echoes across to the rising clouds. This cry is said to be a 'message' for the Djanggawul (line 9), telling them that they are not far from Port Bradshaw. Reference is also made to 'message clouds', that bend down from the main mass. In Song 13, line 3, we read that the Djanggawul scratch themselves. The 'singing' name of the sponge means 'scratching', for as the Djanggawul rest on their paddles the Brother leans forward and picks one up; idly he squeezes it, then throws it back into the sea. Later he rubs his hands on his thighs, but some unidentified substance from the sponge sets up an irritation on his skin, causing the Brother to scratch. Another 'singing' name for the sponge means 'children playing', suggesting that children play with these dry sponges when they are washed up on to the beaches. In Song 14, line 12, we are again told how the foam from the pounding surf puts patterns on the shoulders and bodies of the Djanggawul, to be used later by them as clan and linguistic group designs.

The (unidentified) sawfish mentioned in Song 15 is also said to be a 'long nosed small black whale'; it is called *deimiri*, and from native drawings appears to be a species of sawfish. Many stories are told of its ferocity, of how it rises erect from the water and falls upon a canoe, breaking it up; alternatively, it may swallow the canoe and its contents completely. Smaller sawfish (Song 16) also appear, fighting smaller fish. The Djanggawul paddle very carefully, for the movement of all these fish causes waves and splashing, making the sea rough. Song 17 brings the porpoise into the picture which is gradually built up by these songs. Reference is made (line 5) to the young porpoises, who are said to have been born in the fresh-water creeks at the island of Bralgu. Aborigines say that the water which they spurt out, as they race behind a canoe or play in the sea, goes in through their mouths and out through the aperture in the back of their heads, 'in much the same way as a human being urinates'.

In Song 18 a seagull swoops towards the oncoming canoe of

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the Djanggawul; it gives 'power' to their paddling, and enables them to reach the mainland quickly (line 3). It is said that 'when you are tired from too much paddling (as the Djanggawul were), this gull circles around the canoe, and as you see it, it gives you renewed energy'. The country about Yirrkalla is totemically associated with this bird, from whose cry the Riradjingu linguistic group derives its name. Line 7 refers to the fact that the female gull lays its eggs at the onset of the wet season; thus it '. . . cries out as it sees the dark rain clouds rising', '. . . Cries out at the time of the wet season: it thinks of nesting' (line 8). A popular nesting place for seagulls is at Bremer Island (line 9), which may be seen from Yirrkalla. 539

Song 19 introduces us to the ferocious *marabinjin* sawfish, so fierce that it attacks any other fish, and any canoe; and there are tales of its even having capsized Macassan craft in the old days. This fish whips up the water (line 5), making it very dangerous for the Djanggawul. In its body it carries a 'poison bag' (lines 11 and 12), from which, when it is 'angry', poison is transmitted to the barbs or teeth of its saw. The fish itself speaks in the song, boasting that it makes the sea rough, and that no canoe may go near where it swims (line 13). The Djanggawul paddle in great haste, trying to leave it far behind.

Song 21 includes all the main elements in Songs 1, 4 and 12; it is the final song in which the Morning Star supplies the dominant theme. We are told again how, sent by the Bralgu Spirits, it has guided the Djanggawul on their journey to Arnhem Land; but now it is gradually sinking, heralding the dawn (lines 14, 15 and 16): 'The Morning Star shines, bringing the dawn . . . putting an end to the night . . . Close to us, ending the darkness, bringing the dawn . . .' In line 17 the Morning Star is said to shine like the *mawulan rangga* pole, decorated with red breast feathers from the parakeet; this suggests (see Song 24) that the Star is possessed of some of the sun's substance. However, the feathered 'ball' which is the Star is made solely of white birds' down: the feathered jungle string to which it is fastened is intertwined with red parakeet feathers. Conversely, the feathered parakeet pendants attached to the *mawulan rangga* (and also to other *dua* moiety *rangga*) have white down terminals; the above line refers to this feature.

Before the dawn, while the Morning Star is sinking (drawn back to Bralgu by the Spirits), comes the sound of the morning pigeon (Song 22). 'Darkness goes, with its cry!' (line 3), which is heard in '. . . the calmness of dawn . . .' (line 6). This pigeon is said to be a yellow or brown swamp bird, of the jiritja moiety. Reference is made to its teaching its young to utter the same cry (lines 8, 13

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●539 and 14), and its peculiar whistle is said to be from 'twisting its tongue'. The pigeons' nests are in the 'arm-band' bushes on the mainland, which provide pliable cane for the manufacture of armlets like those worn by the Djanggawul (*vide* Song 26, line 6). Such nests are noted for their inner smoothness (Song 22, line 9), and the alternative term used for them is *dagawal* or *dagu*, meaning hole or vagina. The birds[1] nesting within it are like *ranggu* within the *ngainmaru*, symbolically representing children in the uterus (here, again, we have the predominating theme of the cycle). The bird is described by the term *dulboingu*, referring to the Gumaidj *jiritja* linguistic group at Caledon Bay; and its cry 'sounds like' the speech of the Madarlpa linguistic group, as well as like that of the Dalwongu.

Following the pigeon are unidentified black birds of the *dua* moiety (Song 23); these live in the jungles adjacent to the sea coast, and fly out to sea. The Djanggawul have now almost reached Port Bradshaw. This bird, too, cried out as it '. . . saw the darkness clearing' (line 5). Its young are mentioned (line 9), and its nests in the 'coffee' trees (line 14); the word referring to this tree also refers to the sacred *djuda ranggu* emblem. Although no *djuda* have as yet been 'planted' on the mainland, it is implied that they will be (for example, in Song 25, line 6, in reference to the flying fox).

Song 24 brings us to the sun, which gradually emerges from its watery home below the sea (lines 6, 9, 11). (*Vide* Chapter 2, where reference is made to the sun.) It beats on the backs of the paddling Djanggawul, as they travel westwards; the term *bialdan* means 'burns their backs'. The importance of the ideas brought out in this song have already been noted, and need not be reiterated. The sun's rays are 'caught' or symbolized in the beautiful red breast feathers of the parakeet birds, and the long strings or pendants of these feathers are themselves the very essence of the sun, of its warmth and fructifying qualities; this is a feature that appears throughout the cycle. As the sun beats down on their backs, the Djanggawul sweat (line 13) from the unaccustomed warmth, accentuated by their vigorous paddling. The word used for 'sweat', *ngeingeijun*, also refers to grass dried up by the hot sun: that is, all the moisture is drawn out, and the inner part or body becomes dry. So strong is the glare from the sun that the Djanggawul are obliged to close their eyes (line 14). The Morning Star has disappeared; the cry of the morning pigeon or of the black bird is heard no longer. The mainland is clearly seen, and their destination is in sight.

[1] The bird calls its nestlings *nugu*, a term used by a mother when addressing her children, or by a man to his sister's children.

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Song 25 suggests that the Djanggawul are close to the mainland: the flying foxes are crying from their trees, which are said to be *djuda rangga* (lines 6, 7 and 8). In Song 26 the travellers discover that the *rangga* and mat(s) they have carried in their canoe have become sodden with salt water and spray. Bralbral asks the Djanggawul what they intend to do with the wet *rangga*, tied up in the basket (mat)—line 8, they decide to throw the basket away with the *rangga* inside. On second thoughts, the Djanggawul Brother says, 'No! We will have a look inside first, before they sink down into the sea.' The Two Sisters, however, object. 'No, you are not going to open (or untie) it. You can just throw it into the sea, because it has all got wet.' Since the Sisters are the real custodians of the sacred *rangga*, the decision rests with them; the Djanggawul Brother and his companion Bralbral can do nothing. They therefore throw the *rangga* over the side of their canoe, so that they '. . . sink down, making a noise as the sea covers them' (line 13). Some *rangga*, however, have been kept. It is not clear whether the basket (or mat) containing the *rangga* is thrown overboard, or whether the *rangga* are removed and then thrown out of the canoe. A native drawing (*vide* original text and notes) shows the *rangga* being removed from the *ngainmara*. Not only are the *rangga* wet, but their decorations, like the fibre of the mat, are stained with spray and foam. One part of the original text suggests that the mat is first undone (its 'mouth' opened), and then turned upside down so that the *rangga* fall out one by one into the water; finally, the mat itself is 'put into the water'. The *rangga* make a reef outside the entrance to Port Bradshaw, while the mat turns into a whale (*vide* Song 6). The text, however, indicates rather that the 'mouth' or aperture of the mat was not undone, and all the *rangga* were just dumped overboard. As they are thrown into the sea, the Djanggawul call the sacred invocations (line 12); see Chapter 1.

In the last song (27) of this section, we are told that the Brother and Bralbral regret having thrown away the *rangga* and mat without first looking at them. 'I am worrying (says the Djanggawul Brother) about the *rangga*. (Why didn't we open the mat?)'—line 5. They attribute their carelessness to their being tired—'I am just tired! That was why *waridj*, we threw away the sacred *rangga* and mat.'—line 6. They are very weary, for they have travelled such a long way; and at last they have reached Port Bradshaw. 'That is our country!' (line 9) they exclaim, as they beach their canoe, 'We have arrived, oh *Waridj*!' (line 10). The Djanggawul step on to the shore, and insert their *manwulan rangga* into the ground; at its withdrawal water gushes forth, leaving a permanent spring.

In commenting on these songs, we have mentioned only the

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539 538 533 outstanding details. Many interesting features are revealed in the phonetic texts, and these are discussed elsewhere. We can see, however, how well controlled is the theme, how ideas follow in sequence, and how behind all the various incidents a definite structure or pattern is evolved and retained. Certain points are constantly reiterated throughout most of this section. This is a common practice in most song-cycles of north-eastern and north-central Arnhem Land, where it is apparently felt that repetition gives background and atmosphere to the separate songs. The paddling, the Morning Star, the roar of the sea with its spray and foam, appear again and again. There is a feeling of movement and action which lends veracity to the saga; the eternal movement of the sea, its constant roar, and ever undulating waves, are said to have been caused not only by the paddling of the Djanggawul, but by the marine creatures which they meet on their journey. Wherever possible too, the underlying pattern of the Djanggawul ideology is linked to various incidents and themes: the flocks of birds and nests, for instance; the rolling *rangga* in the mat, rattling with the movement of the canoe; the whale *ngainmara*; the *rangga* and feathered string, and the rays from the sun; the throwing overboard of the *rangga* and mat, and so on; all intrude themselves to express the symbolic significance of the Djanggawul's journey.

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minimized. Moreover, the constant repetition, which serves to impress on listeners the main features of the Songs, has a similar effect upon the singers themselves. An important device where transmission is entirely oral, with no visual aids except the sacred objects employed in the rituals, it also helps to ensure that the essential outline of the Songs is handed on from one generation to another. With the myth, however, it is rather a different matter. The myth is never narrated consecutively as a story, and there is no accompanying check of song and ritual. It is told in fragments, so to speak, to explain certain physiographical features, elements of social behaviour, or ritual activities; or brief extracts from it may be cited in the course of relevant discussion. The myth as related in this volume is composite, and represents a synthesis of several versions.

In some points, the myth as told by women does not conform to that told by men. Essentially, however, all the versions are in agreement. Women, too, stress the long penis of the Brother and clitorises of the Sisters; the stealing of the basket and *rangga*, and leadership of the *nara* rituals; the association with the sun and with the *lindaridj* parakeet; and the sacredness of menstrual and after-birth blood. They are inclined to emphasize the powers of the Two Sisters at the expense of the Brother, and to credit them with creating and leaving the most important animal and vegetable foods for the benefit of the Aborigines who were to follow them. The important childbearing rôle of the Djanggawul Sisters, setting the pattern which women follow to-day, is said to have been introduced by themselves. Before this, among the spirit people inhabiting the land, women would select babies from the many to be found sitting among the foliage of the cycad palms, and take them back to camp to be breast-fed by the men. Women, it is said (with a certain amount of rationalization), were too busy with sacred ritual to attend to the bearing and rearing of children. The Djanggawul, however, started the practice of child-bearing as it is now known, and were the 'True Mothers of the Aboriginal race in this region.

Let us turn now to a review of the Song Cycle as it is presented here.

In Part One the Djanggawul leave Bralgu, the Island of Spirits, to which they had come from somewhere farther across the sea. The Songs emphasize the fact that this was the place from which they voyaged to the Australian mainland. The Morning Star, too, was sent from Bralgu, and from there rose the sun, the influence of which is felt throughout the cycle: for, as mentioned in Chapters 1 to 3, the Djanggawul Sisters

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are associated with the sun, and the rays of sunlight in concrete and tangible form are the red breast feathers of the parakeet, and the feathered *rangga* strings. 539 533

The main theme of this part (One) is the Djanggawul's journey through the rough sea, guided by the rays from the Morning Star which shine upon the water. On the journey they see many fish, and marine animals; the movement of these, together with the Djanggawul's paddling, creates waves and causes the sea to grow rough. Foam sprays over the canoe, staining their bodies and hair, and the *rangga* emblems stored away in the *nguinmara*. A whale appears and is likened to the *nguinmara* mat; and, later, *rangga* emblems and *nguinmara*, thought to have been irrevocably damaged by moisture, are tossed overboard. The Morning Star gives way to the glow of early morning as the Djanggawul near the mainland. Various birds herald the coming dawn; the warming rays of the sun appear, and the Djanggawul enter Port Bradshaw harbour.

This part sets the pattern for the rest of the cycle, by introducing different elements which are developed and co-ordinated as the Songs proceed. The movement of the sea, with the incoming and the ebbing tides, is an integral feature, and is associated with the rising and flooding of fresh-water wells. The foam caused by such movements is also symbolically important, and is constantly mentioned in connexion with the *rangga* and feathered strings. In fact, the fluctuations of the tides, and the rising well-waters flooding the land, come to serve as a dominant theme. It is this section of the cycle which sponsors much of the basic *nara* ritual, as set out in Parts Eight, Nine and Ten.

In Part Two the Djanggawul arrive at Jelangbara, Port Bradshaw, and make wells by plunging into the ground the point of their sacred *mauwulan* pole. They also 'plant' trees, which spring from their *djunda rangga*; and various birds and reptiles become totemic through association with them. Here, too, the parakeet is mentioned for the first time. Its red (or deep orange) breast feathers reflect the rays of the setting sun, and are looked upon as being part of the sun itself; this attitude is particularly important, in view of the significance of the parakeet-feathered strings used on the *rangga* and sacred baskets or dilly bags. As these birds sit in the trees which have grown from the *djunda*, they ruffle and dry their feathers in the warmth and glow of the sun, just as the Djanggawul dry the feathered strings which were moistened by sea spray and foam.

The Djanggawul construct a *nara* shade, hanging from it sacred baskets, and make a mound at one side of the clearing used as a dancing ground. This represents the sacred sandhill at the Place of the Mauwulan, where the *djunda rangga* goanna appeared, and left his tracks. (In memory of this occasion, and because that sandhill was particularly sacred, a small symbolic 'sandhill' of earth is always made at the *nara* ground.) The goanna then jumps into the fresh-water well, and the water rises

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539 533 (Just as the various sea creatures brought about the movement of the sea and its tides). An alien element is superimposed here, as the Djanggawul come in contact with the Baijini folk. This element, although important in many ways, is not co-ordinated with the rest of the cycle, and can thus be accorded only passing reference. The Baijini cycle itself will be presented and discussed later; it is associated with the Macassan cycle, since the Aborigines regard the Baijini folk as aliens, physically and culturally distinct from themselves.

In Part Three the Djanggawul leave Port Bradshaw, and search for a place at which to construct a *nara* shade. As they travel along they 'make country', plant *djuda* trees, plunge their *mauwulan* into the ground so that wells gush forth, and arrange feathered strings which grow into yam creepers and foliage. Billowing white clouds beckon the Djanggawul onwards. Geese, which are in reality *rangga*, are placed in the well, and the water bubbles up; these geese symbolize the *rangga* children who will later emerge from the Sisters. Various fish are caught and declared sacred, and come into 'Dreaming'. Water goanna, too, are put into the well. In consequence of all this the water surges up and overflows, flooding the countryside. At last the *nara* shade is erected, and the foam-splashed *rangga* emblems are removed from the *ngainmara* and dried in the sun.

Part Four sees the Djanggawul reaching Arnhem Bay. Here more *djuda* are planted, and upon them parakeets perch crying. One of the Sisters feels unwell, and cannot walk quickly. She is pregnant; her uterus is full of people. A place is prepared, and the people are removed from her. Fish traps, with *rangga* posts, are arranged at Wagulwagul, the Place of the Mat. The well water continues to rise and spreads across the country, bringing fish which are caught in the trap. Later, the Djanggawul sit in their shade and decorate the *rangga*.

Part Five refers, symbolically, to the removal of the *rangga* folk from the Sisters. As the Djanggawul walk along, they reach a tidal creek in which a whale is stranded; this is the *ngainmara* mat, and refers back to the whale mentioned in Part One. Later on a shade is constructed, and a fire kindled to provide warmth for the Sisters during the process of childbirth. Mangrove shells and *rangga* are removed from the *ngainmara*, and the fringe of the mat or basket is cut (an act of *nara* ritual significance). The ground at the sacred shade is specially laid out, with the symbolic sandhill of the Place of the Mauwulan to one side (*vide* Part Two). More *djuda* are placed in the well, and the water rises; the parakeets, perched on the *djuda*, dry their feathers in the glow of the setting sun and finally disappear.

Part Six continues the theme which made its appearance in the preceding part. Most of the Songs here relate symbolically to the removal of the people from the *ngainmara*-womb. Feathered strings are spread out

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on the ground, leading or pointing to various places associated with the Djanggawul, and representing umbilical cords. More people are removed from the Sisters, and the male children are likened to circumcision novices. The cutting of the umbilical cord signifies the cutting of the foreskin. In both cases there is a severance from the Mother, and the significant point made here is that circumcision is ritually a rebirth. Children are placed in the sacred shade to play in the sun's rays, and a comparison is drawn here with the parakeets drying themselves in the sun. In this part, too, a division between the sexes is noted for the first time (a theme elaborated in Part Ten); male children are removed first, and left unprotected in the coarse grass, while female children are taken out later and are protected by the *ngainmara* mat.

Part Seven continues with the removal of *rangga* folk. More *djuda* and other *rangga* are put into the sacred well, and the water rises and floods. A *nara* shade is built; and more *rangga* are hidden in the well, which is equated with the *ngainmara* or womb.

Part Eight is principally concerned with the Djanggawul Sisters' loss of the sacred basket and *rangga* emblems. They are stolen by the Brother and his *galibingu* companions (circumcision novices: *vide* Part Six), who take over the *nara* ritual. The Two Sisters have hung their basket, or dilly bag, from a tree in their shade above a fire which they have prepared, and have gone out to collect mussels. *Rangga* folk are again removed, and *djuda* planted. Warned by a bird, the Sisters return to find their basket and *rangga* gone. They discover that the men have taken it, and hear the ritual in progress. In this way, the women come to lose their active control of the *nara*. Nevertheless, although deprived of this function, they retain absolute authority over the *ngainmara*, the *djuda* and other *rangga*. They do not mind surrendering their sacred objects to the men, for they have really lost nothing.

This section is probably the most spectacular in the whole cycle and, to the Aborigines, the most important: for it not only explains the monopoly which the men hold to-day in so far as executive control of the *nara* is concerned, but also emphasizes the economic division of labour between the sexes (that is, the Sisters are now to grind cycad nuts for 'bread').

Immediately after this, the Djanggawul Brother shortens his penis, a sign of 'emancipation', representing symbolically the severance of the umbilical cord, this in turn being identified with circumcision (*vide* Part Six). Then comes the cutting of each Sister's elongated clitoris; this action symbolizes the severing of the umbilical cord which links the *rangga* children with the mother, the loss of their *rangga* and basket and of their symbolic penes, and their acceptance of their new status (upon losing their former executive powers for controlling the *nara* ritual). When the cutting is completed, more *rangga* folk are taken from the

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539 *ngainmara*; and this part concludes with the stolen sacred basket hanging
583 from the man's *nara* shade.

As Part Nine opens, the Djanggawul are again continuing on their way, 'making country'. The Sisters are still pregnant. One lies in the sacred *nara* shade (although they have lost their basket and *rangga* they have not, apparently, been debarred from the *nara* shade or ground); her clitoris is again shortened, and more people are put out. The Djanggawul Brother attempts to have coitus with the younger Sister, Miralaidj, but his penis is 'blocked' by an arm-band lodged in her vagina. The cut clitoris is healed in the warmth of the sun; the blood which flows from it, and the red walls beyond the labia majora, are symbolic of the red rays of the setting sun, and of the red breast feathers of the parakeet. Miralaidj is then covered by the *ngainmara*, to signify her sacredness. *Rangga* folk dance from the Sisters' wombs into the *nara* shade. Again the Brother attempts to have coitus with Miralaidj; his *rangga* penis is erected, and in copulating he breaks the arm-band inside her vagina. Blood flows, and numbers of *rangga* people emerge. Bildjiwuraroiju aids her younger Sister by releasing, through abdominal pressure, a clot of blood which eventually liquefies and flows. Again Miralaidj is placed beneath the *ngainmara*, in sacredness. *Rangga* folk stand in the shade with the Brother and the elder Sister, and the first *nara* dancing begins in earnest. They stand in strict formation, like rising clouds, like 'fighting men'.

At this juncture, there is much stress on the *rangga* folk's having come from the Sisters: 'From resting within the womb: pulling them out from the womb! . . . Lying within the uterus!' This is a reference to their initial journey across the sea from Bralgu, and to their sojourn in the *ngainmara* and later in the sacred shade. The *nara* ritual continues, the *rangga* folk being guided by their leader, the Brother himself under the direction of Bildjiwuraroiju. Most of the ritual is related to incidents mentioned in Part One, for it is a re-enactment of the journey of the Djanggawul.

In the final Part (Ten), more *rangga* are removed; and the distinction between the sexes, originally noted in Part Six, is elaborated. The female *rangga* children are separated from the male children and declared sacred for they are like the Djanggawul Sisters—the source of all sacredness and ritual power. It is said that the *rangga* folk are born so that they may grow up to follow the Djanggawul law. The girls are 'sewn up' in the *ngainmara*; but they are later removed, having assumed or intensified their *rangga* quality. Many sacred baskets or dilly bags are hung from *djula* and from the *nara* shade; from them *rangga* are removed, and with their feathered strings are placed to dry in the sun. The *nara* ritual proceeds, and the epic concludes suddenly with the cutting of the fringe of the basket.

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This brief summary has mentioned only sparingly the symbolism manifested in the cycle, being confined chiefly to a description of the main incidents dealt with in the Songs. We may now indicate something of their symbolic significance, and the basic trends which emerge.

The most important theme, which extends throughout the whole cycle, centres about the sacred *ŋgainmara* mat. This is the symbolic uterus, which makes its appearance in the early stages of the epic. The *ŋgainmara* conical mat, while always retaining this essential significance, is also expressed in other terms; it may be a whale, a basket or dilly bag, a well, or a *mara* shade, and all these come to be associated with its particular function. Although the Songs may mention only one uterus, usually the reference is to both Sisters, so that when one *ŋgainmara* is described, the context may suggest two. (Nouns, in dialects of this language group, retain the same form for singular and plural.)

Incorporated in this theme, and an important adjunct to the *ŋgainmara*, are the sacred *ranggi* emblems with their feathered strings, made chiefly from parakeet breast feathers. These *ranggi* are always referred to in conjunction with the *ŋgainmara*; fundamentally, they symbolize the male, the *ŋgainmara* the female. The *ranggi* are manifested in various forms, each with its separately defined function: the *djunda* goanna and goanna tail with the *manarulun*, have the power to bring forth water when plunged into the ground, while the *djunda* when 'planted' grow into green trees, and the feathered pendants attached to them become live parakeets. These are the primary *ranggi* (although secondary *ranggi* do exist, and are used on the *mara* ground), and they symbolize the penis. Once the basic significance of the *ŋgainmara* and the *ranggi* is realized, and their importance as a twofold combination, many of the situations in the Songs become clear. Understanding of this simple but fundamental framework of the Djanggawul cult helps us to understand its more complex manifestations, and its wider implications. The symbolism of the *ranggi* is also extended further, like the *ŋgainmara*, to include certain trees, the elongated penis of the Djanggawul Brother, and the people who emerge from the Sisters.

Although the *ranggi* does not invariably represent the male (for example, it is frequently used to signify both male and female children emerging from the 'mat'), as the *ŋgainmara* does the female, this is its more usual significance. The testes, however, are absent from this constellation. It is possible that the hanging of sacred baskets from the *ranggi* may have some relevance here, but since this is not the Aboriginal interpretation we shall not speculate further along those lines.

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533 The two elements, the *ngainmara* and *rangga*, in their various forms,
539 serve as a combination through which two basic situations find
831 expression. The symbolism relates in the first place to sexual intercourse, in the second to pregnancy and eventual childbirth. Apart from such symbolic representations (although these are more numerous), direct references to coitus and childbirth are made, and help to explain the others.

Let us consider the first situation. *Rangga* emblems are kept within the *ngainmara* mat, being from time to time withdrawn and inserted into the ground; they are put away in the *ngainmara* and covered up, in sacredness; they are plunged into the ground to make wells, so that water gushes forth; *djuda rangga* are 'planted', so that trees grow from them; totemic objects and animals (birds or reptiles) are put into a sacred well, so that the water rises and overflows; *rangga* are put in the shelter of a *nara* shade, or returned to a sacred basket or dilly bag; parakeets fly into the *ngainmara*, basket, or well and are hidden within it out of sight; and the Djanggawul Brother erects his *rangga* to place it within the *ngainmara*. All these situations, and many more, symbolize the insertion of the Djanggawul Brother's penis in the *ngainmara*, which although really the uterus, may also signify vagina or vulva. The most complete symbolic representation of coitus is the plunging into the ground of the *manwulan rangga* forming a well, with gushing water (that is, penis insertion/vagina/ejaculation/withdrawal). The rising water flooding the countryside signifies fertilization.

In the second case, the same elements are employed, but their significance is altered: the *ngainmara* (like its various associated forms) is solely the uterus, and the *rangga* and feathered strings are children (people or *rangga* folk). This seems, indeed, to be their most important manifestation. It is expressed in a number of obvious situations which have been indicated throughout this work. For example, *rangga* emblems and feathered strings are removed from the mouth of the *ngainmara* mat (shade, basket or well); the *ngainmara* is heavy, being full of *rangga* people; fish, which are declared totemic, are caught in fish traps (constructed from *rangga* poles); and fish escape from the mouth of the whale, or are swallowed when brought in by the rising tide. The ideal symbolic representation is the *ngainmara* mat full of *rangga*, which are later removed (that is, uterus/pregnancy/delivery of *rangga* folk).

These two correlated themes, then, are basic to the cycle; together, they centre about one of the fundamental drives of mankind. The need for sexual satisfaction is simply and symbolically expressed, with a complete absence of consciously erotic manifestations; following this come pregnancy and, eventually, childbirth. The

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importance of physiological paternity has not, moreover, been left a vague issue. The complementary rôles of male and female are established traditionally, both symbolically and (to a lesser degree) directly.

In addition to these, and in varying degrees linked with them, there are a number of subsidiary threads. There are four predominating themes, all in some degree interrelated, and almost invariably used in conjunction with the *ngainmara-rangga* concept. The first is crystallized in the umbilical cord, which is symbolically manifested in a variety of forms, the most important being the elongated clitorises of the Two Djanggawul Sisters, the long penis of the Brother, the prepuce, rays from the Morning Star, rays from the setting sun, feathered strings, and so on. Various examples are found in the Songs: the Djanggawul Brother cuts his long penis, after he and his companions have stolen the sacred basket and *rangga* from the Sisters; he shortens his Sisters' clitorises after the theft, when he and his companions have taken over control of the *nara*; and feathered strings removed from the *ngainmara* are arranged on the surface of the ground. The ideal illustration of the theme is as follows: *rangga* folk have their foreskins cut immediately after they have issued from the *ngainmara*-uterus, the foreskin symbolizing the umbilical cord, and its cutting their severance from the Mother; this is the intent of circumcisional initiation, with its subsequent 'rebirth'.

The second theme is connected with the sun. This element is symbolically manifested in several ways, the most obvious being: rays of light from the setting sun; the red reflections from the sunset, caught on the breast feathers of the *lindaridj* parakeet; the feathered *rangga* strings, the sacred basket pendants and the hair string waistband intertwined with red feathers; the parakeet itself, with breast and throat feathers; fire; blood (flowing after birth, at menstruation, or as a result of the Djanggawul Brother's breaking the arm-band blockage in the younger Sister's vagina); red ochre; and the red walls of the vagina or labia majora. One of the most strongly emphasized of these is the parakeet, with its red breast feathers, constantly appearing throughout the cycle.

The third theme relates to water, in its fresh or salt manifestations. The pattern is set during the initial stage of the Djanggawul's journey to the north Australian mainland. The movement of the sea is brought about (or intensified) through their paddling, and the presence of fish and marine creatures. This causes the ebb and flow of the tides. When the Djanggawul leave the sea to travel inland, and later along the coast, this theme is continued in the well waters rising and overflowing in conjunction with the tidal fluctuations. Even when the wells predominate, however, the sea

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533 is not forgotten; the original theme is recalled again and again throughout the cycle. It is the sea, too, which receives much attention in the *nara* rituals (for example, in those performed by *rangga* folk, mentioned in the cycle). Nevertheless, the importance of the well waters must not be underestimated. Apart from their association with the sea and its tides, they are in their own right spirit centres; and these are sacred, for the *rangga* emblems have been put within them or within their mud, and *djuda* have been planted around them. Moreover, the well is identified with the uterus, with the *ngainmara*, and with the sacred *nara* shade.

533 539 831 The fourth theme is concerned with seminal fluid, which is symbolized by the foam of the sea, or by rough water surging from an overflowing well. It is this foam which splashes on to the *rangga* emblems and *ngainmara* mat during the Djanggawul's journey from Bralgu, staining not only these objects and the feathered strings, but also the long clitorises and penis, and leaving on them a distinctive 'sea smell'. References are made throughout the cycle to the drying of the feathered strings of the *rangga*, and of the baskets.

533 539 These elements then, with the *ngainmara* and *rangga*, provide the skeletal structure or framework of the cycle, upon which the various situations have been constructed and elaborated.

Apart from the purely human element, reflected in the removal of *rangga* folk who serve as a nucleus from which has grown the present Aboriginal population, the cycle is concerned, in its wider implication, with the universe about them. The Djanggawul are said to 'make country' as they travel. We have seen however, from both the Myth and the Songs, that the country as such was already there on their arrival. Where the Songs describe their 'making country', therefore, we must assume that they merely put additional physiographical features. They made the sacred sandhill at the Place of the Mauwulan, which is symbolically represented in every *nara* to-day; they made innumerable wells, both sacred and secular, and planted multitudes of trees; and from their *rangga* and feathered strings birds, reptiles, animals and vegetables (yams) came into being, or became totemic. The Morning Star was sent for them by the Spirit people at Bralgu, to guide them through the sea to Port Bradshaw. And the sun came up for them, driving away the darkness and lighting up the land, sending its glowing rays in every direction, and warming all it touched.

533 539 831 Apart too from the matter of human fetility, the cycle concerns the fructification of the land, symbolized in the fluctuating tides of the sea, and the rising well waters. The plunging into the ground of the *mauwulan rangga*, with water gushing forth at its withdrawal, does not represent human sexual intercourse alone; symbolic coitus

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is taking place with the earth, so that it will be fertilized. The well water overflows and spreads across the land; the incoming tides push up the shallow tidal creeks and cover the low coastal plains: all symbolize the fertilization of the land. New vegetation will grow; the dormant grass and plants will send out their shoots; trees will bear leaves, blossoms and fruit; and the natural species will increase. The *djuda rangga* carried by the Djanggawul are always 'planted' near well waters, and their roots are said to be like penes that fertilize the earth. Billowing clouds from the north-west beckon the Djanggawul onwards, as they move from place to place; and the intensity of the sun's heat scorches the grass, making the shadows of the clouds welcome and desirable, and drying the moistened *rangga*. All this symbolizes the coming monsoonal rains, which will replenish the earth, renew all plant and vegetable matter and the natural species. Further, it indicates man's place in the universe, emphasizing the fundamental similarity between himself and his environment. The sexual drive in man results in the increase of his own species, just as he sees to be the case among the living creatures around him: and that basic theme is extended and elaborated to include his whole physical environment. According to this point of view, the earth itself must, therefore, be fertilized in much the same way as man—through symbolic coitus, the plunging *manawulan*, the piercing *djuda* roots, the flooding well, and the spreading incoming tide. All this to the Aborigine of north-eastern and north-central Arnhem Land, living as he does in close proximity to his environment, is real and vital. It constitutes for him a faith which is based essentially on his own experience, on a fundamental human and animal drive, projected on to his non-human and (as *we* see it) inanimate environment.

The Djanggawul myth and its songs, then, may be regarded as centring on the two primary drives of man: the first, sex, with its natural consequences, the second, food, which enables him to survive. Both are of equal importance, and both receive consideration in this cycle. The dominating interest however is that of sex, in a broader sense than this is usually understood in our own society; the Aboriginal thesis is that through the operation of this drive seasonal fluctuations will occur, and will automatically ensure the provision of food. From the Aboriginal standpoint, then, man's survival is essentially dependant on the success of the sexual drive: for food cannot become available unless the natural species copulate and increase, unless the rains fall, the wells overflow and the tides spread and fertilize the land. This attitude to them is fundamental, and for that reason it has become an outstanding theme in the sacred Djanggawul cycle.

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533 These factors obviously centre about the survival of the Aborig-
539 inal social group, and in that respect they suggest an important
sociological attitude. The Djanggawul Sisters, through their
831 perpetual pregnancy, and their ability to produce great numbers of *rangga* folk, the ancestors of the present-day Aborigines, express their true function as Fertility Mothers. They define the physical differences between males and females, between the *rangga* and the mat; expressing this symbolically, they put the *rangga* boys who emerge from their wombs into the coarse grass, the *rangga* girls into the shelter of the *ngainmara*-uterus mat. By stressing the sacredness of womankind, this Aboriginal culture has enshrined motherhood, for it is realized that the continuity of the group is dependent primarily, and in a more spectacular way, on the female. To ensure this fertility, however, 'that the *rangga* within the *ngainmara* may remain plentiful', the contribution of the virile male is essential. The myth, therefore, acknowledges both physiological paternity and maternity. The *rangga* is as sacred as the *ngainmara*; and insemination (symbolically expressed in a variety of forms) is a biological necessity in the fertility sequence of coitus, conception, pregnancy and childbirth.

533 Two other important features receive attention in this cycle.
539 The first, and perhaps the more important from a sociological
point of view, is the division of labour between the sexes. The
462 Djanggawul Sisters lose their sacred basket or dilly bag and *rangga* emblems, and the men take over control of the *nara* ritual. Now the Sisters must grind the cycad nut to make 'bread'; their 'hands must be whitened with its flour'. This mythological incident indicates, symbolically, the present division of activities between the sexes. It is not a question of any alteration in woman's status:
[562] she is not subordinated, or relegated to an 'inferior' position. On the contrary, stress is placed on the complementary nature of their activities. Woman must not resemble man, any more than man may resemble woman, the essential nature and implications of each (apart from biological factors) being culturally determined; hence the clitoris of each Sister is cut, so that it may not resemble a man's penis. Man may not be idle, merely collecting and preparing food while woman performs all sacred ritual, possesses all the *rangga* emblems and in addition carries out her important task of producing children. If women are to ensure the continuity of the group through childbearing, then men must perform the sacred ritual and do the more strenuous work; for this reason, so we are told, the men stole from the Sisters the sacred basket and *rangga*
633 and took charge of the *nara* ritual.
539 The second feature is the institution of the sacred *nara* ritual,

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which is created by the Djanggawul themselves. The *rangga* folk dance from the wombs of their Mothers into the *nara* shade; the sacred clapping sticks are beaten, the songs rhymically sung, and they sway their bodies in the dance. The first *nara* is being performed, re-enacting the travels of the divine Beings; and the *rangga* folk have been produced 'so that they may follow the law'. The people, that is to say, by performing the *nara*, by re-enacting the travels of the Djanggawul and manipulating the *rangga* emblems, ensure the continuation of the life they know and love. The *nara* performed by the *rangga* folk under the direction of the Djanggawul is described as being exactly the same as that carried out by present-day Aborigines. It expresses the faith which they have in their social group, in their culture, and in their environment; it ensures the continuance of all the elements expressed directly and symbolically in the myth and in the Songs. Women will continue to bear children, the seasons will continue to come and go in ordered sequence, and the land will continue to produce food in abundance. All this will come about only if the *nara* is enacted, if the power of the Sacred Beings is made available, and if the faith of the people themselves—both men and women—retains the intensity and depth originally inspired by the Djanggawul.

The implications of the Djanggawul cult are numerous, and should be the subject of detailed and comprehensive treatment. Here, however, we can touch on them only briefly.

There is, for instance, the assumption that these Beings came from another country, somewhere to the east or north-east, bringing with them their sacred objects and ritual, and the essentials of their cult. That is, they were originally aliens, who presumably introduced their ideology to the indigenous inhabitants. The latter are here referred to vaguely as spirits, and not as human beings; this is, possibly, a form of rationalization, to the effect that the first 'real' people were those who adopted the Djanggawul cult.

Then there are what may be termed the various psycho-analytic points of view. Followers of Géza Roheim, for example, may see in the stress on the Mother, and (for instance) the identification of circumcision with the severing of the umbilical cord, a manifestation of the universal Oedipus Complex. Abram Kardiner and his school may find in the Djanggawul a projection of the emotions arising from the Aborigines' response towards their own parents during their early formative years. Moreover, the myth and songs may perhaps be regarded as, primarily, an expression of the fundamental motivations of the people, the narrative itself serving merely as a connecting thread, which provides a semblance of coherence.